

WAR



CRY



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NEWFOUNDLAND

Will Go Solid for

SELF-DENIAL.

AHOY, THERE!

This Applies to
Newfoundlanders in Particular,
AND TO OUR
WHOLE GLORIOUS DOMINION
In General.

BY PROV. SEC. SHARP.

WANTED, at once, fifty good men and women, whose hearts God has touched, and who are filled with His love and a burning desire to see souls brought to the Saviour.

IF YOU FEEL in your soul that you have talents and gifts that ought to be consecrated for the Master's use, now is the time to lay all on the altar and send in your application.

GOD is calling for men and women who have got hearts that are tender and full of love for the sinner. Not dead, cold hearts, with no life or feeling, but hearts that can weep over the people and are concerned when no one gets saved.

Have you thought of the horrors of a lost soul?

Would you love to be a helper in trying to save some ere it be too late and they are for ever lost?

Do you want to clear your skirts of the blood of these souls?

Apply at once and do not delay, for they are dying while you wait.

IN ORDER to be a soul-winner you MUST be a man of prayer, and know how to talk to God, holding on to the "horns of the altar," pleading and wrestling until you "move the heart of Him Who holds the reins of the universe."

Abraham knew how to plead with God for the doomed city. Moses was a man of prayer; he knew how to touch the heart of God when Israel had sinned. Daniel knew his God and proved what prayer would do while in the lion's den.

IF YOU do not know how to pray you will be a failure as an officer. Your talents, gifts and abilities won't make up for lack of prayer. These will not prove effectual with God, though they may with men.

No wonder the disciples asked Jesus to teach them how to pray—not how to preach, sing, or play an instrument, but

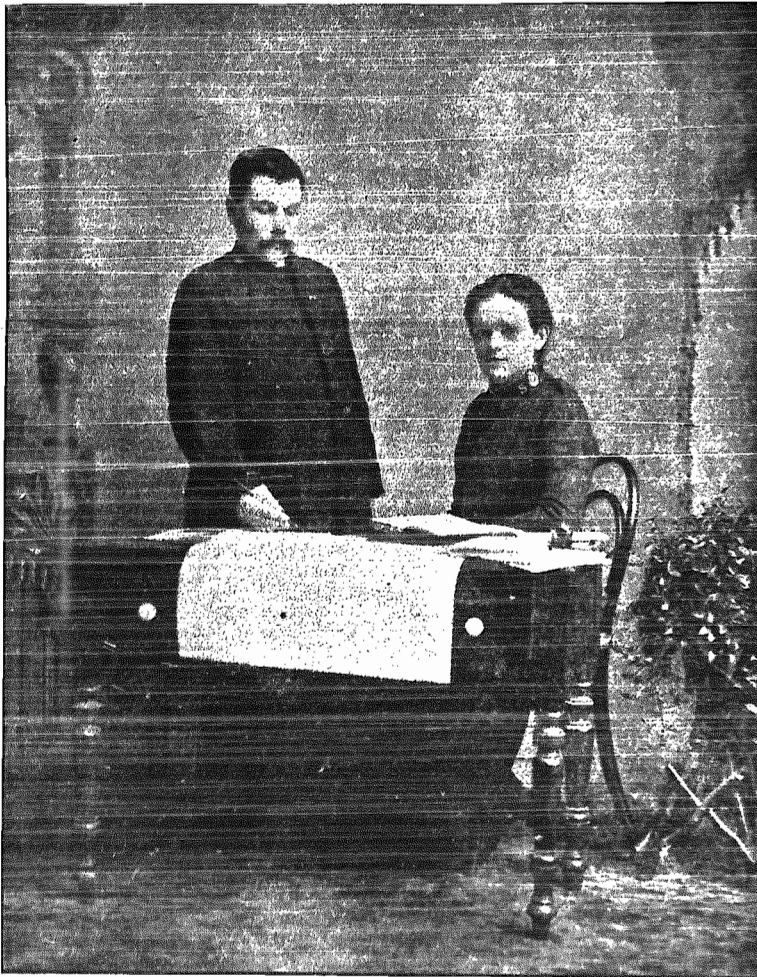
How to Pray.

Prayer is the mighty weapon that drives back the devils of doubt, fear, confusion and misdeed, and opens the flood-gates of Heaven.

"The devil trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees."
How he must try when men and women of God pray!

YOU MUST know how to love people.

This is the most successful weapon to use; it is a glorious gift to have love like God—for God is love. Oh, for more of that love that suffereth long and is kind, thinketh no evil, seeth that love that never faileth.



MAJOR and MRS. SHARP, Provincial Secretaries, Newfoundland.

"We are sending twenty officers to Canada, to help on the war; and we can open twelve Harbors and Coasts before this year passes away, if we can only get good, Holy Ghost soldiers to fill the gap."

In Cry, No. 46 we published a forecast of Major Sharp's campaign to the end of the year. One item in that programme we then omitted, it was this—TO STRIKE THE SELF-DENIAL TARGET. Strong in the Lord, and freshly enthused with the Great Anniversary Demonstrations at St. John's, the officers will head their troops for certain victory. While aiming necessarily at the smallest target, we sincerely believe for dauntless devotion and conquering faith no Province will excel our comrades of Newfoundland. Now, Major Sharp, what shall the answer be?

Have you got a little of it?
Do you pray for God to give you more? Then obey the call, leave all, and follow Him.

YOU MUST be a man whose eyes have been opened to see the great need of whole-hearted workers, and whose ears are open to the cry of the helpless and perishing.

YOU MUST have your brain sanctified for the Master's use so that you will be able to think, scheme, plan, and put into practice anything and everything that would help you to win a soul.

HERE WE ARE, handicapped, all for want of good people to follow Jesus and rescue the lost.

We are sending twenty officers to Canada to help on the war, and can open twelve harbors and coasts before this year passes away if we can only get good, Holy Ghost soldiers to fill the gap, and suitable buildings to open fire in. Will you obey?

What would Jesus do if He were in your place? Follow Him at all costs.

"HOW LONG have ye between two opinions?"

Let the fishing nets and your business go. Here is a chance to be a fisher of men, not for three or four months in the year, but every day and every hour, till you go "sweeping through the gates." Can we have your services?

Will you be a soul-winner?
Do you love Jesus more than the fish you have caught, or father, mother, brother, sister, houses, or lands, and your own life with all its prospects?

If so, volunteer at once.

Juniper Tree's HOLINESS : DIALOGUE

WITH
Milk and Honey.

Introductory.

Juniper Tree, who has been to some special meeting, and heard the leader expound the path of holiness, is awakened to a sense of his need of more of God and his duty to his fellow-men. He meets Milk and Honey on his way from work, and engages in a conversation on the subject.

The Confab.

Juniper Tree.—"I say, brother, that was a fiery and sensible discourse we heard the other evening about being given up to God."

Milk and Honey.—"Yes, it was grand; it stirred me up; it was like adding fuel to the fire."

J. T.—"I believe that the consciences of those who heard must have been touched. I saw myself as never before. I feel I must get the victory over my weaknesses."

M. & H.—"Yes, we must have the victory over ourselves if we want to be of service to God and humanity."

J. T.—"Well, can you tell me how I can overcome this fear? I have prayed and prayed, and yet I don't seem to be if I can get the mastery over it."

M. & H.—"There must be something wrong, Juniper. You know the Lord answers in earnest, sincere prayer from a sincere soul, and if your prayer is not sincere, there is something in the way. Did you ever make a full consecration of yourself to God?"

J. T.—"When I came to Him for salvation, I gave up my sin, received pardon, and have given my testimony to the time when God saved me from my sin."

M. & H.—"Yes, but have you not at times been dissatisfied with yourself?"
J. T.—"Often. I even felt I ought to be better, and do more for God. This fear has taken hold of me, and I have given up seeking to improve."

M. & H.—"You say it is fear that is keeping you back from launching out to do something for the Lord. But what is the cause of this fear in your heart; are you held down by any desire for sin?"

J. T.—"I often am tempted and feel that I must give up."

M. & H.—"Does the temptation come from within or from without?"

J. T.—"Well, I sometimes try to re-

press the feelings which rise when I am tempted."

M. & H.—"But look, Brother Juniper, everybody is tempted, more or less, but that is not sin. The best men that ever lived have been tempted, but the temptation was not sin. Wesley says: 'I can't prevent evil thoughts from coming into my mind any more than I can help birds flying over my head, but I can prevent the birds from building their nests on my head, and hatching their young there.' So that it is not the temptation, but it is the desire to yield to that temptation within the heart which is the sin."

J. T.—"Well, but is not the desire to sin present with every one?"

M. & H.—"No, it is not. It is possible to live without the desire for sin. We are told very distinctly that every man that hath this hope in him purifieth himself, even as he is pure."

J. T.—"I am convinced in my own heart, Milk and Honey, that there is victory for me, and I mean to have it at all cost."

M. & H.—"That's it! Don't rest till you have the blessing of a clean heart. 'From all your filthiness and from all your idols will I cleanse you,' is the promise to us. If I can be of any use in helping you into the light I shall be pleased to do all in my power; but don't forget, Juniper, that it is only the blood which cleanses from sin. Cast yourself on God, claim cleansing through His promise in Jesus Christ, and God will give you deliverance."

J. T.—"Yes, I won't hesitate any longer, but will be out-and-out for God. I have been half-hearted and in-different long enough."

M. & H.—"That's the best thing to do. Settle the matter now. I will pray for you, God bless you. Call round for me on your way to the holiness service to-morrow evening. Good-night, Juniper."

"Good-night, Milk and Honey."

The fitting climax to the above conversation was the beautiful sight of two Salvation soldiers in the band-room at the back of the barracks, both dealing earnestly and prevailingly with God. One of them, Milk and Honey, was successful in pointing out, Juniper Tree, to the Blood which cleanses, and both left the room happy in the possession of "THE BLESSING OF A CLEAN HEART."

Mrs. Major Jewer Received Properly.

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I.—After our officers firewelled and left for council, the question of uppermost in our minds was *What* will be our next leaders?"

At soldiers' meeting we committed the matter to God, promising to stand by them faithfully. When we heard of the certainty from the comrades who attended council that Mrs. Major Jewer, Capt. Newell, and Lieut. Hamilton were coming, we were pleased.

Although the train did not arrive until between 11 and 12 o'clock at night, a large number of soldiers and friends were on hand, and we gave them a warm welcome.

Our Professor was there with a team, and they, with one of the Georgetown officers, were driven to the quarters, where others of the comrades had supper ready.

WE WELCOME Mrs. Jewer, also, for her dear husband's sake, who labored for the cause of God, and who has recently gone to his reward. Dear little Jimmy, how much he resembles his father. May he walk in his footsteps and be as great a warrior as his father.

The meetings on Sunday were seasons of refreshing and power. At night we had TWO BACKSLIDERS, one an old soldier when Captain Jewer was stationed here. He is going to be sworn in again in a short time. Two more souls lost night (Sunday), and others through the week. The indications are that God is going to pour out His Spirit abundantly. Hallelujah!—Treasurer Jos.

If you can't do the works you like to do, pray that you may like the work you have to do.

As we must give an account for every idle word, so must we likewise for our idle sin.

There are no promises in the Bible for those who hunger and thirst after the ball room and theatre.

FASTING AND FINANCE.

BY W. T. STEAD,

Editor of the "Review of Reviews."



W. T. STEAD

The old Scriptural injunction to Fast and Pray has been revised and brought up to date. For some time past, both fasting and praying went somewhat out of fashion—especially fasting. To fast at all, except under compulsion, was thought by many good Protestants to savour of a sneaking sympathy with the Inquisition. Nowadays, however, it is interesting to see the old prejudice melting away like mist. Fasting is being recognised even among Protestants as a useful thing, both physically and spiritually. But the favorite formula, which for practical purposes and in many quarters may be said to have superseded the older maxim, is

Fast and Take a Collection!

There is a fine utilitarian flavor about this latest version of the old text. For the contribution to the collection is admittedly the most practical of all tests of the sincerity of the prayer. Fasting, too, acquires a new and more obvious utility. It is not merely a means of grace, but becomes an engine of finance. The abstention from ordinary food places at the disposal of the faster, to be used for other purposes, the money that would otherwise have been spent in victuals.

It is strange that so simple and obvious a connection between fasting and finance did not long ago suggest itself to the Churches. But, as a matter of fact, it is not so apparent to have thought of it until it was utilized by the Salvation Army as the foundation of their

Self-Denial Week.

The success which they have achieved in working this simple instrument may well fill other bodies with despairing admiration. In one week of sustained and combined effort this poorest and latest born of all the depositions succeeds in raising no less than \$250,000. Of this, possibly \$25,000 represent outside subscriptions. The remainder is the direct fruit of the new maxim of Christian conduct. Fast and take a collection. The Salvation Soldier has few superfluous words, and he speaks, not indolently, but with the ordinary forms of extravagance and dissipation in which other men would naturally indulge. His fasting means cutting into the simplest superfluities of life, and with his sugar, he dispenses with tea. He walks, instead of riding in the bus. He generally takes more out of himself, and puts less inside. The cleanings and the scraping of the savings go into the Self-Denial Fund, which has become the sheet-anchor of

Salvation Army Finance.

The total is very significant. It affords a powerful illustration of the might of co-operative effort directed to a common end. When "Darkest England" was published—with what enormous effort, with what self-sacrifice on the part of the non-Salvationist public—there was subscribed outside the Salvation Army in six months over a quarter of a million. The Social Scheme, which was national in its aim and object, the gigantic sum of nearly \$500,000. Yet in this day there is a widespread belief among ordinary people that General Booth was subjugated by the flood of gold poured upon him by a generous public. Contrast that public subscription with the sum raised every year in a single week by the hard-working, collection-buried self-denying Salvationists. Self-Denial Week raises automatically, as it were, as much money from the rank and file as the richest nation in the world, in a moment of sudden generosity, succeeded in raising for a scheme of social regeneration of national magnitude.

If the Salvationists can do this, carrying on the while all their multifarious and costly operations all over the world, can you imagine what a Coolidge mine of gold has been tapped in the other Churches. Is it

too much to say that if for one week every Nonconformist in the land were to dedicate to a self-denial fund the money which he usually spends in tobacco and in strong drink, some of the financial difficulties of the denominations at home and abroad would vanish.

Like Ghosts at Cockrow?

If the poor Salvationists, with so slight a margin for economising, can raise within their borders in one week \$250,000, who can calculate the sum which the Church of England could raise if her members were but touched by the same enthusiasm of self-denial. One week of such self-sacrifice would extricate their schools from their difficulties—to mention only one method of expending the fund. The example of the Salvationist is spreading. There are many who dislike his ritual and distrust his theology, but there is no one who can dispute that in finance, and especially in this sheet-anchor of their financial system, they have given a record to the world which it will be difficult to lower.

Few people outside the circle of its immediate supporters

Realize the Immensity

of the Army's work. During the thirty years of its existence, it has extended into forty different countries, and has 11,269 offices, proclaiming Christ in 31 languages, in 1,574 stations or towns. Of its 520 officers in India, I am told that the large majority were formerly idol-worshippers. It publishes 48 distinct newspapers and magazines in 14 different languages, and during 1894 no less than 51,000,000 (million) of newspapers, magazines, periodicals, books, and tracts were issued from the Salvation Army printing presses. There is no contained in some form or other, simple, straightforward descriptions of the evil of wrong-doing, with plain directions as to the quickest way out.

The Army has now, in different parts of the world, 231 shelters, homes, labour bureaus, and other benevolent institutions in full operation, under the guidance of 1,239 men and women officers. It contains 57 Rescue Homes for Women, 12 Homes for Children, 22 Asylums, 20 Labor Bureaux, 6 Farm Colonies, 68 Food Depots and Sleds, 6 Children's Homes, 4 Lodging Houses, and 2 Hospitals. The doors of these stand open day and night, to

Every Friendless Man and Woman

who is willing to work, no matter what their age, history, or previous character.

Since Self-Denial Week, 1894, parties of Army officers have been sent to Japan, Java, Spain, Gibraltar, Iceland, and British Guiana. Immediate and pressing calls are being received by General Booth for workers in Mexico, China, Barbados, and the West Coast of Africa, as well as for reinforcements for mission stations already established in Zululand. To meet the pressing needs of the coming year, the Army is hoping for \$300,000 as the net result of the Self-Denial Fund, in this and other countries.

W. T. STEAD.
Mowbray House, London, Sept. 26th, 1895.

EAST ONTARIO LASSIES' STRING BAND.



Birdie McNaney, Staff-Capt. Southall, Annie Downey, Sgt. Nellie Downey, Lieut. McNaney, Mrs. Staff-Capt. Southall, Cadet Edna Jones, Sgt. Carrie Glenn.

Have had great times. People in ecstasies. Couldn't get the crowd in at Picton, Sunday night, also two souls. Crowd opposite hotel threw over three dollars on the drum head in afternoon. Expect a successful trip in every particular.

MAJOR MORRIS,

East Ont. Prov. Secy.

Interviewed by Major Complin.

KEYNOTE : FIGHTING AND VICTORY.

Self-Denial Target High, but Likely to be Hit.

"BRIGHT AND EARLY" the East Ontario Provincial Secretary arrived at the editorial office on Saturday. In response to a welcome "Hello, how are you getting on in the Province?" the Major gave a most encouraging reply. "Good," said he, "God is helping us wonderfully."

13th Anniversary Demonstrations What Use?

Queried as to the value of the Anniversary Demonstrations, he declared they had been of great assistance. The Commandant had been the means of inspiring everybody with the war spirit, so that the officers had gone back to their stations "charged to the very muzzle," and the Major laughed as he thought of the execution these guns would accomplish.

Song Squad.

"The troupe," the Major continued, "is doing grandly. Their work, especially in front of hotels, is taking immensely."

Junior Soldiers' Advance.

"In the J. S. branch, I aim at having, before six months is over, 2,000 children attending the Sunday morning company meetings in the Province. Montreal, Kingston and Peterboro' corps are already doing a splendid

children's work. The Commandant heard the feeling for J. S. work considerably in his Council talks at Kingston.

The Weekly Spiritualizer.

"I visited all the corps in Montreal last week-end. The officers are in good spirits. I attribute this largely to the influence of the Friday afternoon officers' meetings there, led by the D. O., or S.-C. McMillan. In fact, I am so impressed with the value of a little private weekly gathering for spiritual help and mutual counsel that I have advised all my D. O.'s to go in for it, no matter how small the number of fellow-officers in their immediate neighborhood."

New! To Attract Both Eyes and Ears.

"Anything new?"
"Yes, I have struck a splendidly successful idea: it can be used for bookishness, holiness and salvation meetings. The last time it was used there were three weeks for salvation at the pentecost-form. It consists of a series of large pictures, painted by a Salvation soldier at Montreal, and illustrating the story of 'Katie's White Hober' (by Elton Douglas), which appeared in "All the World" about six months ago. It is a very nice story, shows how Katie turned aside from the right path to pluck the flowers of worldly pleasure, but got to the Cross at last."

S.-D. the Burning Question.

"Have you been notified of your S.-D. target yet?"
"Oh, yes! (with another laugh, this time significant of "no defect") It's \$4,500, about \$112 per corps!"
"That's tremendous," said the Major, seriously; "true, it is only a small rise on last year, but the corps did marvels then—"

"Who was there?" we queried.
"Brigadier Scott. But," continued East Ontario's top man, "I don't think the E. O.'s are afraid, nay, THEY DON'T KNOW FEAR. We shall aim at it, and if it CAN be hit—"

"You'll hit it?"

"Yes, we'll DO it. We have as much push, gumption, go, and backbone in us as anybody else. We don't reckon to take a back seat and hang our heads on the willows, but our guns are primed—loaded to the muzzle."

"We are a good deal like the fellow who landed at Montreal; he had no money, and very little to call his own. But in reply to the question, 'Why did you come here?' he said, 'Why, man, I may have no money, but I'm FULL OF DAYS-WORKS.' We haven't much money and goods, but we are full of days-works—full to the brim; not only that, but we are WILLING TO BRING IT OUT!"

For S.-D. Ready! Present!

"We are changing a few E. O.'s just to place our men in position for S.-D."

"Who?"
"Ensign Alward to Peterboro'; Captain Mison goes to Perth. Teeple to Peterboro'; Kendall to Ottawa. Oger to Campbellford. Brady to Montreal. H. Hill to Morrisburg; Lieut. Vance to Brockville. Beckstead to Belleville. Rathgates to Sherbrooke, and Lieut. Wilson gets promoted to a Captaincy, and takes charge of Coaticook."

Who is Top Striker?

Replying to the query, which corps will top the post, the Major said he "gessed Montreal," since they did it last year,—"but there's no telling."

Wife? Family?

At this instant up rushed Major Read—there were explosions in the greeting line, and mutual domestic enquiries. Replying to Major Morris' "How's your wife?" elicited a "Splendid!" from Major Read. "And family?" "Beautiful!" In Major Read's rapturous tones, Major Morris regretted that they had had quite a lot of anxiety with their little one, who was, thank God, just getting better—then turning to the editor—(association I idea, sickness, evidently—Ed.)—"Mellarg is using every means to get good health again since his accident. He lies there panting like an engine with steam up, in fact has to let steam off now and again by writing to me."

"But S.-D. Major; did we finish that? Who's to be top man amongst your braves?"

"Oh, impossible to say. You may depend on it that McLean and Wiseman (and he is a wise man), McAmmond and Mellarg—why, I should have to mention all the D. O.'s—they will all do nobly."

"One other matter—a candidate is on. I shall have all the officers I need for my Province shortly, and could almost stock a Training Home now."

STAFF-CAPT. JEN SOUTHALL

Reports on the East Ont. Prov. War Tactics.

HE WAXETH PROPHECIC AND HURLS THE ADJECTIVES—HURRAH FOR S.-D.—MIGHTY STRUGGLE, BRILLIANT FINISH—HARVEST FESTIVAL TRIUMPHS—THE STRING BAND MAKES ITS DEBUT—PREPARING FOR THE S.-D. CONFLICT.

Our troops have been kept on the qui vive almost constantly during the past few months. The drill has had a wholesome effect, evidencing once again to the fact that, whether considered from a physical or a spiritual standpoint, work is the great educator of the faculties.

The Harvest Festival.

With intelligent planning, careful organization, as well as plenty of hard work and hearty enthusiasm on the part of our district and corps commanders, together with the hearty co-operation of our soldiery, this effort was a distinct success. Twenty-five per cent. advance on last year was no small thing, and \$1,000 instead of \$1,200 seemed a pretty big thing. But we did it, with about \$100 to the good. This battle was well fought. Facts revealed a great amount of thought, and skill, as well

as intelligence being displayed all round.

The S.-D. Battle.

Our enterprise in the great conflict last mentioned will be very helpful in the coming battle. Plans are already mooted, and instructions of a preliminary character issued. There are sounds of activity on every hand. Everything portends a mighty struggle, with the most brilliant finish of any previous effort. Officers and soldiers are already looking forward to the grand opportunity that is at hand. Many outsiders are also eager for the fray. Even the toughs will be wanting a chance of doing something to make this the crowning triumph of our history.

The Lassies' String Band.

The visit of the band to a number of the corps has been a great blessing in each case. People everywhere have expressed the highest appreciation of the meetings, and a number were surprised to learn that we had so proficient a combination. In fact, as in all other efforts, it has been demonstrated how much the corps commanders have to do with the issue—whether it be successful or otherwise. We have visited about twelve corps, and gallant little Picton, thanks to the energy of her Captain, taken the "pinks" for successful meetings and financial results. Bloomfield comes close on its heels, while all are more or less worthy of honorable mention.

We append a cutting from the *Peterboro Times*:

"The concert given by the Lassies' Band, of Kingston, in the S. A. barracks on Saturday night was much appreciated by the large number present. The band is under the direction of Staff-Captain Southall and wife. There were six lassies, making altogether eight in the aggregation. They have five guitars, mandolin, violin, autoharp, and cornet. All the numbers on the program were well rendered, especially the guitar duet by Sergt. Nellie and Annie Downey, which was without a flaw, and called forth much appreciation. Also Sergt. Nellie Downey's mandolin obligato in a band selection was well rendered. All the instruments were in perfect harmony."

Large crowds and good meetings have been the leading characteristics of the tour. Interest has been created, and in various ways the respective corps visited will be much benefitted.

J. P. S.

—: THE :—

FINANCIAL SECRETARY

At the Pumps Again.

Hallelujah! Home once more! There's no place like —! Ah, Canada is a lovely country. Thanks to God's kind, loving hand, I got over the briny ocean safe and sound. Brought heaps of love to Canadian Salvationists, and was told to tell all I met to "Fight it out!"

And now the financial war! We must have money. God's Kingdom cannot be advanced without it. Money makes the war against sin to flourish. Praise God! To this end we want to arouse all our friends to think of the great need. You have given before? Well, give again, for giving does not impoverish.

—X—

SELF-DENIAL looms up! The Provincialists have received their targets. No doubt the D. O.'s are wise and thrifty, and have in turn set their respective corps targets. Clear the decks. Of course, as usual, the noble Eastern Province has the highest target. Will it hit the bulls' eyes? Well, and "wise" people ever get benten? What does Brigadier Scott say? Next in order of targets is the East Ontario. Then follows the Central, Northwest, West Ontario, Pacific and Newfoundland Provinces. But shall the last be first?

Now, comrades, get into your minds and thoroughly understand that the special printed appeals are as follows:

- 1.—SOLDIERS, comprising one beautiful pictorial collecting card and envelope for each man, and one tiny yellow envelope in which the soldier will put his own personal donation.
- 2.—FRIENDS, comprising one pictorial collecting card and one envelope

SELF-DENIAL DECLARATION

— FROM THE —

Provincial Secretary for West Ontario.

BY THE GRACE AND HELP of God, both Mrs. Margetts and I purpose, in connection with S.-D. this year, to

1. Be much examples in spirit and action that any of our precious comrades may, with all safety, imitate.
- 2.—To so arrange our eating and drinking, and for the fulfilment of our duties to each other, to our children, to our comrades, and to the war, by acts of self-denial, that God and the Army shall get the greatest benefit possible from:
 - a.—The physical strength we possess.
 - b.—Our time, talents, and opportunities.
 - c.—Our salary, by giving what is more than absolutely necessary

- sary to keep body and soul together, to help the S.-D. funds.
- 3.—To employ such methods, exercise such prayer and faith, and put in such toil, as with the co-operation of our comrades and the blessing of God, shall secure at least our Provincial target (more, if possible), the salvation of souls, and blessing to all.
- 4.—To do this, not merely because S.-D. is an annual S. A. effort, or because it is our duty, but with all willing cheerfulness and joy, as a spontaneous and practical expression of our love and gratitude to the Christ of God, Who loves us and has washed our hearts in His precious blood and made them whiter than snow, and to Whom all the praise shall be given.

J. E. MARGETTS, P.S.



THE SORT WE'RE AFTER.

THE HARMONIC HURRICANES.

We saw a well-known officer recently standing outside the Temple in such a queer style of uniform that it created a desire to know the cause of the thushness. In answer to enquiry we found that he was a member of the "Harmonic Hurlcaners," and was just starting off on a tour. Thus closed Scene 1.

—X—

SCENE II.—The War Cry man found Adjutant Magee in his office at the top of the Temple. A big pile of letters and books covered the desk, through which our subject was wading as best he could. The said War Cry man had come up for some facts about the band with the strange name, and happily the facts were just at hand. From a typewritten letter (while the Adjutant went on with the day's business) I gathered the following details:

The band, both brass and string, is composed of ten select players, Captained during the Major's absence by Captain McKenzie. Such famous names as Professor Little, of the Naval Brigade; Captain Nellie Griffiths, of H.Q.'s; and Sister Emma Morris add prestige to the affair. The uniform is an inexplicable mixture of red, yellow and blue trimmings, enough to tax an ordinary being's descriptive powers. Their forerunner is Captain Crawford, who constitutes a slight in himself. His horse has two enormous side paintings, explaining the Captain's mission. He is about seven days ahead of the troupe, and visits the local press, the ministers, and the country-side generally, stirring up an interest in the arrival of the band, and arousing curiosity.

They Succeeded.

Their tour will take them as far north as the Canadian Soo. The Manitoulin Islands will not be forgotten. The Major is hoping to accompany the band to this place. Besides visiting Army corps and cheering their comrades there, it has been arranged for them to conduct meetings at many places, where the Army is not known. The Major, we have doubt not, many friends, who will come to our help as occasion serves.

"The chief aim of the band is to stir things up, attract people to the open-air and inside meetings, where they are thoroughly dealt with about their souls" were said, and every effort put forth to secure their soul's salvation. Secondly, the Band is to raise money for the extension of the work, to be divided as follows: after expenses are met, the corps gets one-half and the Province the balance.

So far they have been received right royally. At Orangeville the people gave \$10 in the open-air, and at Brampton \$6. To those who know the proverbial hardness of these two places, this will be rather startling.

The whole complement of the band is as follows: Major Howell, the director; Captains McKenzie and Griffiths, Lieutenant Rodburn and Fisher, Cadet Fugler, Brothers Little (Professor), Cameron and Wilson, and Sisters Morris and Whitton. When I say that the admission fee is twenty-five cents and ten cents you will easily understand that it is a first-class band. Much success to it, is the wish of

THE WAR CRY MAN.



LOOKING FOR THE LORD.

From "Dawn's Horn."

for same. (These cards are very special, and will be given out to just select friends who can be got to collect.)

3.—JUNIOR SOLDIERS, comprising a beautiful target pictorial collecting card, and big envelope for the same.

4.—OCCUPIERS, This is similar to last year's, but the printing is far better. It is to be given from door to door.

5.—SOCIAL SACK. This is a new and novel idea of the Commandant's. These sacks will be left at certain friendly farmers and other suitable people. A neat appeal will accompany it, to be left with the sack. The grain given will be sold locally and the cash got for the same credited to the local corps Self-Denial Fund.

TARGETS and POSTERS will be supplied as usual. The posters are improved very much. Put them in prominent places. They will draw and attract.

THE BAND-BOOK will soon be in the hands of every P. O. It should be very carefully studied, as there are several alterations and improvements on that of last year. Big return bags will be sent each corps and D. O. as last year.

Finance Newsy Notes.

Capt. Bailey has been laid aside by sickness. He is better now. Regina

in his Province did well for their first quarter, sending along over \$13. Finicky people! Adjutant Magee went over his first quarter's record. Better than a decrease, Adjutant. Captain Senbrell fell short of his last quarter's amount, but he means to pull up before Dec. 31st, '35. We shall see what we shall see. Adjutant Mantou is hustling in and around Toronto with his lantern and G.E.M. arrangements, while Ensign Ross has great expectations for Central Ontario. Success to them all.

The D. O.'s now have the arrangements of the P. A.'s lantern services, and if properly worked the special meetings will be a great spiritual and financial blessing to every corps and village visited. The outposts and villages are to get a good show. Look out for the lantern services! Captain Fugh is highly elated over it. The new boxes are beauties. Have you seen them? First-class Social League members will receive the "Deliverer" monthly. Colonel Holland is doing a capital thing with the Staff Band.—SELF-DENIAL FOR '35 MUST TOP ALL PREVIOUS RECORDS.

If we love God we shall find favor with Him, whether we are able to please anybody else or not.

True freedom is to share the chains
that others wear.

THE - GREAT - ANNUAL - SELF-DENIAL!



OFFICIAL ORGAN OF
THE SALVATION ARMY
IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

A Journal devoted to the salvation of the lost and
amelioration of the wretched, together with the
propagation of the Salvation War in all places.
Address all communications to the Editor, Salvation
Army Headquarters, Toronto.

OUR LEADER.

The General has made a deep mark upon the religious conscience of South Africa, and has done more to stimulate the regular and Social work of the Army on this occasion than he even did on the last. Our beloved leader was the recipient of the following kind message from Sir Hercules Robinson, Her Majesty's High Commissioner for South Africa:—

Sir Hercules Robinson, to General Booth, "Dinotter Castle," East London: "I was exceedingly sorry to be prevented by illness from having the pleasure of an interview with you yesterday, but desire to assure you of the warm personal interest I feel in the great work with which your name and life are identified. I trust that your health will not suffer from the fatigues of your arduous journey, and that you will return to England all the better for what, I trust, will be a successful mission."

—E.O.—

OUR COMMISSIONER.

At seven o'clock on the morning of going to press with this War Cry the Commandant returned from his month's tour. Most of the Headquarters men welcomed him at the depot. Although looking very much worn, we rejoice to say he is in excellent spirits and exceedingly well pleased with the Army's prospects. During his absence of a month and four days, he has lived in a whirl of travel and Salvation Army activity, and got thro' a pile of work and meetings. Never has the Commandant been better received, and never were the Army's prospects brighter. Now for Self-Denial.

—E.O.—

WINDSOR, N. S.

From "Visitor's" letter we learn that Ensign Watson was arrested for the third time on the night of his farewell. "Visitor's" letter is mild enough, it blows neither hot nor cold, but it lets us see that this last affair of the authorities is more a disgrace or worse a bungle than ever. The very officers who kind to do the despicable work that contradicted each other's evidence in court as to the place where the "offence" occurred. We congratulate the magistrate on doing the only sensible thing, viz., dismissing the case.

To whom do the streets of Windsor, N.S., belong? Has Jesus Christ no street rights there? Here is a member of the Gospel, a servant of God, and an agent of an organization which has received the approval of the greatest functionaries in the English-speaking world, following his call, doing what the highest legal authorities in the Empire, including the Dominion of Canada, have repeatedly declared to be perfectly legal, he stops his procession a moment to make an announcement, the words "Now, friends," have occupied his lips, when the rest of the sentence is cut short by his arrest. No wonder that cries of "shame" have been heard on the streets during the execution of this kind of work. A fair-minded infidel would doubt it, let

alone the intelligent public of a Canadian town. We say it is a disgrace that men like Ensign Watson should have been imprisoned in Windsor, N.S., and we appeal to the public there to find out who is to blame for these things, and to put the administration of the municipal affairs in future into the hands of individuals who are worthy of the honorable position.

—E.O.—

Now, Ensign Galt, the eyes of all the officers are confidently upon you, believing that in it they have an officer who will nobly maintain the right to preach in the streets which has been bought at so great a price. God give you wisdom and grace to stand for Christ.

—E.O.—

SELF-DENIAL - Brigadier Margetts' Declaration.

The spirit in which the officers throughout the Territory are approaching the great annual Self-Denial battle is one of full faith and invincible determination for victory. Brigadier Margetts is first in the Cry with his S.-D. declaration—and it is to the point. Bravo, Brigadier! God will surely bless you. With such leadership as this you and your people are sure to conquer.

—E.O.—

COMRADES ALL.

Although late in doing so, we heartily congratulate our comrades of the great Republic on the far-reaching important position Army literature is occupying amongst them. The transfer of a man of such spiritual point and sanctified ability as Staff-Captain Milpays to the editorship of the American Cry marks, no doubt, a fresh epoch in the importance of that organ. Both he and Major Cox, the Editor-in-Chief, will have their hands full with the duties and responsibilities attaching to the magnificent arena in which they are united to fight the battle of the Lord. God bless them both, and Halpin, too, who takes up the Frisco Cry as successor to Staff-Captain Milpays.

Editor's Notes.

MR. FLETCHER has given us a bit of real life in "Why Jim Didn't Go to the Show." His story will be read with much interest by our Army folk as well as by our Methodist friends, and the fact that the story finds a place in the Methodist Magazine is a fine tribute to that Church's breadth of sympathy and elevation above mere sectarianism.

—E.O.—

HOW MANY "JIMS" are there in our ranks to-day, and associated with the churches, whose lot in life has been permanently bettered through the instrumentality of the Salvation Army?

Many an one. Self-Denial week furnishes "Jim" with a grand opportunity to annually, extraordinarily, and practically express his thanksgiving to God, and at the same time help sustain the fight for the world's salvation. God bless "Jim."

FIELD-OFFICERS can work up a good reason for Self-Denial meeting by making selections from "Jim's" story, and interspersing the same with suitable songs, to be sung by the Seniors, or Juniors, or both. Be sure you have a good reader. Success to the S.-D.

—E.O.—

MRS. MAJOR JEWELL, warrior-like, has gone to the battle's front, and already gained several victories in her corps at Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island. She may reckon on the continued sympathy and applications of her comrades.

—E.O.—

THE REPORT Treasurer Jost for words of the reception given the incoming F. O.'s at Charlottetown is a beautiful and, thank God, typical instance of the loving respect and true Christian courtesy which exists be-

tween the rank and file and their immediate leaders in Christ's work. There is, too, a reflex action on the corps for good when these apparent trivialities are not neglected.

SIX people bear the name of Streeter at Major Streeter's house now. The youngest was born on Sept. 20th, and is a sparkling boy. Mrs. Streeter is recovering splendidly. The Major bears the weight of domestic blessing quite cheerfully.



"Busy," did you say? We are extremely so, hardly time to think what is best to write.

THE BUILDING OPERATIONS are as active as ever. Do what we will, and try as hard as we will, it seems almost impossible to keep out of bricks and mortar, shavings and sawdust. Anyway, all that we want is suitable places to carry on the war.

VERY ENCOURAGING reports from Hamilton. Things are now in a rush. They are begging for all they are worth—going at it with a vengeance—bound to get there. The splendid site on the corner of Rebecca and Hughson streets has been secured, deed signed and sealed. It has been a little longer on the way than we could have wished, but important matters need a little time to get them through. It was of the greatest importance that a proper site was secured.

THOSE WHO SAY that the S. A. is getting too respectable will surely be pleased to know that a Shelter is to be erected on the same site. The poor can get the needs of the body and soul supplied in the same building. The barracks will be the meeting home of both rich and poor.

VERY MANY THANKS for an offer of a horse from Brussels, a grey. Good color. This is the first answer to our advertisement. That's the way to do it; offer them right straight out. Please! PLEASE!! don't write saying you have this, that and the other "to sell." We have a lot of things "to sell" ourselves. What we want is something to help save poor humanity.

THE COMMANDANT has returned, and we are very glad of it, too, not only for the sake of the pleasure of his company, but just at this time there are very many things that need his decision, as might be expected.

BY THE WAY, the list of machinery, etc., asked for in the Cry, has been thought to be a "tall order." So it is, but there is a lot more required after this is sent in.

Alas for Britain's Regs.

Britain, that great "Christian" land, has 50,000 criminals in jail; sentenced during the year, 153,000; has 100,000 fallen women; 105,000 homeless outcasts; 500,000 in chronic want; 190,000 in workhouse and asylum. The nation's recent drink bill was £138,000,000, the arrests for drunkenness in twelve months, 200,000; public-house, 100,000.—Social Gazette.

No man is born into this world whose work is not born with him.

It is the fact of responsibility that makes so solemn a thing.

THE LATEST

The General's Arrival in Australia.

A cablegram has been received by the Chief of the Staff intimating that, after a pleasant and profitable voyage, the General and his staff landed in Hobart on the 3rd inst., and was received a warm and enthusiastic reception by Commissioner Coombs and a large body of officers, soldiers and friends. The General then proceeded to New Zealand to begin his second Australasian campaign.

—E.O.—

The Marechale in the Forest Cathedral.

The Marechale held a meeting on Sunday in the Prime Mer Forest, in Switzerland, where she was arrested eleven years ago and imprisoned. Splendid day; though so far from any town, seven hundred people gathered under the tall pines. The Commissioner led. The Marechale spoke. Hundreds in tears. Twelve for salvation.

—E.O.—

Australasia.

Another mighty Self-Denial victory. Last year's record beaten by \$12,500. Grand total, \$65,000.

—E.O.—

To Open Mexico.

Commander Ballington Booth has under consideration the invasion of Mexico. A Spanish pioneer is needed.

—E.O.—

Minneapolis Visited.

Commander Ballington Booth, accompanied by Chief Editor Cox, has conducted big go's in Minneapolis and St. Paul. There were large crowds, and rows of penitents.

—E.O.—

SELF-DENIALETES.

A Wood Green (British) Cadet spent a morning outside Farringdon Station and only received twopence in her Self-Denial box. Then a gentleman came along, asked her how she was doing, and eloped in a half-sovereign. Later on a small boy came and showed her a handful of silver, saying provocingly, "Wouldn't you like this, Salvation Army?" After some teasing he put it in and explained that she had been watched from the office windows near, and a collection made inside for her box. The lassie altogether got about twenty-two shillings for the day, and went home rejoicing.

—E.O.—

People from all parts of the country who have got thoroughly consecrated during Self-Denial Week, are offering for the work. Thirty-one were accepted on Thursday last.

—E.O.—

A friend of the Army in Britain, in order to make his gratitude to God for the work the Army has already accomplished, and his pleasure on seeing so many of the poor contributing to the Army work, offers to give \$1,250 on condition that five other friends give an equal amount. Will some Canadian do ditto?

Let us not, therefore, judge one another any more.

Wonderous is the strength of cheerfulness.

Faith in God cleanses the heart—what faith? That which works by love.

World Wide News

The American Fall Congress may be held in Chicago.

Commissioner Ouchterlony intends issuing a Territorial magazine for Norway.

Commissioner Rehnal and daughter arrived safely in India, after a very prosperous voyage.

The British Life Assurance Department has just sent out nearly 1,300 industrial policies in one week, the largest number yet sent within that length of time.

A Field Officer had insured his life nine months when he died. The amount of premium paid, in return for which a claim of \$125 was met, was \$8.

Free passes on board all the large steamers belonging to the Bergen and Trondhjem Steamship Company, have been granted for Commissioner Ouchterlony and her Secretary, Staff-Captain Sommers. These vessels run from the Norwegian Coast from Christiania and Vadeo, on the Russian borders.

THE BRITISH War Cry has a boom on for a rise of 40,000, and offers \$125 to the Province which makes the biggest proportionate increase.

Three more women have been issued at Rugby, two of them against Ensign Dale and one against her Lieutenant (Kent). This is for slugging after being requested to desist.

The offices occupied by the British Home Office Staff are being rearranged, and some of the room vacated by the recent move into "107" will be taken possession of by the Home Office, namely, the top floors of 101, 103, and 105.

In connection with the meeting held during the "Liberation of Home" celebrations in Florence, a batch of five native Florentines were enrolled as soldiers of the Salvation Army, and the first native Tuscan Sergeant was created.

TO MARILY, in Boston, on October 21st, Captain Yorke and Lieutenant Berkeley, last stationed in Atlantic City. We wish you long life and success. Captain Yorke is an old Canadian officer, and has also had several appointments in the Central; among the number were the Dovers (he opened it), Plainfield, N.J., and Waterbury, Conn.

Persecutions Galore.

Brigadier Wm. Evans, of the Atlantic Coast Division, given a splendid account of his work to an interviewer in the New York City. Besides lots of new openings, souls saved, and finances gathered, he has a legal fight on. Philadelphia was the scene of the trouble. The leading criminal attorney in Philadelphia, Mr. A. L. Shields, has taken up the case out of sympathy with the Army. He will fight the obnoxious act, and has not the slightest doubt of securing victory.

Foolish Belleville.

The toughs in that city assailed the Salvation Army and tore up the American flag carried by the Army officers. The city authorities, to favor the outlaws, and to persecute the Salvation Army, passed an ordinance prohibiting street meetings or parades of any kind, and was aimed at the Army. The ordinance, if enforced, would prohibit funeral processions, and surely is the worst piece of baby play ever undertaken by a city council. Belleville had better try to prohibit the tough element rule and leave

the Salvation Army alone. The legality of the ordinance will be tested, and will doubtless prove to be a farce. —Danville, Ill., Sentinel.

FIVE MINUTES WITH The Dominion's Social Secretary.

WHAT THE S. S. IS LIKE.

TWO of the most flourishing fetters of the Social Wing are the brothers Collier, Major and Captain respectively, of the Toronto Workman's Hotel. The very look of their full, round, rosy faces, and portly proportions, is enough to stir up the commonest ambition of the most empty-headed tramp going to take a turn at the Social's welfare, and to fill the rib-filling winds in the Army hotel across the way.

He Gives a Helping Hand.

ENLISTING Major Collier's attention for five minutes, I queried him as to the kind of work being done here in Toronto for those whom the Light Brigade advance is intended to benefit. He assured me that they aim at supplying work, not charity, but that in their efforts to do so the prices of beds and food are cut down so low that there is no profit, but a balance on the wrong side. Vulgarly, the hotel does not pay, that is from a purely dollars and cents aspect, hence the necessity of financial help as well for the running expenses as for initial outlays in buildings and hotel outfits.

This is What They do.

"Give me an instance, Major, of the value of your work." "Well, there's S—, He came out to Canada three years ago, leaving his wife and family in the Old Country. He worked around for a while, at whatever odd jobs turned up, but every time he stood a chance to get on he blighted his prospects through drink. He came to us last spring, and for a time worked in the wood-yard, then we sent him to the Social Farm. About three weeks ago he got saved. Communications had been made with his wife in Scotland, and she sent him the money to go home. He went off a few days ago saved and happy, to forget the past and win his way to a brighter future, both for earth and Heaven. He was no tramp, mind, but an honest out-of-work, with a weakness for the drink."

Now for the O.S.C.

"I understand you to mean, Major, that this man was genuinely submerged—here in Canada, that the Army wood-yard met his immediate need for work at the moment, that rent worth won for him permanent employment on the Social farm, and had there been an Over-Sea Colony here—"

"He could," interrupted the social secretary, "have brought his wife here and they could have been settled on their own homestead, with the Army's sympathy and practical

help to carry them over the first difficulties of settlement." "Excellent. It only needed the last link with the busy homestead, the cows, pigs, and chickens around to complete the General's scheme."

MAJOR COMPLIN.

Correspondence.

St. John, N.B., Oct. 16, '97.

Editor War Cry. Dear Sir,—Allow me through the columns of your valuable paper to mention a few facts connected with the recent trouble in Windsor, N.S., between the authorities and your Army.

Of course there are tumps about the Salvation Army which are peculiar, and to some minds your methods and modes seem rather strange. Nevertheless, I think good is accomplished in all your undertakings.

It happened that the night I arrived in Windsor the officers were bidding farewell. A dodger was put in my mind, which conveyed the information that new officers were to be introduced by Brigadier Scott, and that he was also to explain the Salvation Army's attitude in regard to the trouble. The officers and soldiers marched out as usual. With a friend, I happened to be on the street as the Army was singing and beating their drums. Most of the soldiers wore a regalia of welcome. I did not see anything wrong. They marched and turned, and turned again to go to their barracks. I believe a commotion seemed to occur, and I was soon formed that the officer (Ensign Watson), who was to leave Windsor, was arrested. I could hardly believe it, the affair seemed to be done in a short time, but, sure enough, an arrest had been made.

I thought I would take in the meeting. We found the place filled with an interested audience. The Army sang with vim and enthusiasm, a prayer was offered, and then Brigadier Scott referred to the matter upon which he was announced to speak. He reviewed the trouble from the commencement, mentioning the arrest of that night, and seemed astonished that Ensign Watson had been put in jail for doing what the Army had been allowed to do for eight or nine years, i.e., marching and playing their drums. The audience responded heartily, and showed intense interest in the matter. Evidently, Mr. Editor, from the interest shown in that meeting, I should judge the Army has a warm place in their sympathies. A gentleman and his wife took the platform, and the former said a few words of sympathy for and with the Salvation Army. A Methodist minister was warmly cheered as he took the platform and expressed his feelings in the matter. Other speakers also took part. Then Adjutant Gage (if I caught his name correctly) told of his experience in the large cities in the East, where he has had open-air meetings without the least trouble or molestation in any way wherever he has been. A good deal of interest and

sympathy was shown as Mrs. Watson addressed the audience. From all I can learn, most bravely has this woman stood by her husband, and even led the way when he was incarcerated in the Windsor jail. The meeting was fully brought to a close by the singing of "All hail the power of Jesus' name."

I left that gathering feeling that what faults and failings the Army had they endeavored to do good work, and it impressed me as being a shame to put such in jail for trying to do a work so needy in our large cities and towns throughout the Maritime Provinces. Next morning I thought I would like to hear the outcome of the trial, so I went my way to the court house. The prisoner was brought in, looking rather seedy (to use a slang expression), to answer to the charge of obstruction, etc. He pleaded "not guilty." Officer Smith, who made the arrest, swore that the Army had halted and formed a circle; he ordered the prisoner to move on, which he did not do; he then ordered him to march. He was contradicted, placed him under arrest. He further stated that the arrest was made on Water street. During the cross-examination of the officer he rather failed in his estimation, to substantiate all his remarks—course that is only my opinion. Officer McDonald next took the witness stand, and then Special Constable Slinger, whose evidence seemed to impress me as being in favor of the Army. Among other things, he stated there was ample room for people to go by, and all the rigs that wanted to pass could do so. What surprised me was that he stated the arrest was made of Gerrish street. Here was a contradiction, at once against the evidence of Officer Smith, and the court seemed to feel matters were getting weak for the prosecution. Special Constable Russell then gave evidence, and after cross-examination of the witness, the prosecution closed. The counsel for the prisoner moved that the case be dismissed, bringing three points whereupon he thought His Worship should acquiesce. His Honor desired evidence for the defence, and Brigadier Scott was called to take the witness stand. His evidence was so straightforward and clear that no cross-examination was considered necessary. Other witnesses also swore that Ensign Watson did not stand in the street, and that there could not have been more than two minutes from the time that Ensign Watson raled his hand to signal the drums to cease beating while he made his statement until he was arrested. It was clearly proven that the arrest had been made while Mr. Watson was walking, also that the arrest was made on Gerrish street, and that there had been no circle formed and halted made.

Upon hearing the evidence of several witnesses, the magistrate decided to dismiss the case. Whatever may have been the difficulty heretofore, it was plain that the Army had kept within bounds, in the case at any rate. From all I can learn of the Army, they do not wish to oppose any authority, but having been in Windsor for eight or nine years, they seem at a loss to understand some of the authorities' actions towards them at this time. Then, again, the authorities feel that they have a right to enforce any by-law they wish. I understand an appeal has been entered which will come off in the County Assizes.

I am afraid, dear sir, that I have trespassed upon your space, but trust you will find room in your paper for this matter, which will, no doubt, be of interest to those who persecute your columns. VISITOR.

God is always on the side of a man who does right and has to suffer for it.

The right kind of a Christian will not forget that he is an ambassador for Christ.

The Balance Sheet for 1894 is on sale at the Army's Trade Department, Toronto. Price 5 Cents.

AN EXCHANGE.



"HELLO!" From "Sam's Horn." "GOOD-BYE!"

EVERY SOLDIER OF CHRIST, BE A SOLDIER!



95 Boatsmen Cleared at Kingston—A Running Commentary by One of the Boys.

LEAVING ODGENSBURG, we manage to carry a crew with us, so that now we have a bird, pigeon and crow. In a very short time our noble craft is tied alongside of

Prescott

wharf, and we soon live the town up with music.

Next day found us serenading the principal business men, finally landing at the Daniels House. "Sammy" goes in, and the proprietor takes him to the Commodore, gives him a quarter; but "Stop, Captain!" he says, "couldn't I have you boys for supper to-night?" "I'll see," says Sammy. Out he comes, Adjutant consents, and the Commodore, who is a quarter of twelve of us including Captain Moffat and Lieutenant Spriggs, get a grand reception from the lady of the house. All ready! In we march to dining hall, seated for fourteen, and a blessing, then work is commenced. Sammy is no way bashful, and Adjutant keeps reminding us that there is a meeting to-night. However, we finish after the proprietor himself has waited upon us, and as we have no time to lose, so we wrap up outside and play him a tune for his kindness. Then off to meeting, where we have a good time.

"Meet at seven in the morning, boys," All ready, off we go for

Cornwall

with a pilot on board, and descend the rapids. My, what a beautiful sight! By one o'clock we arrive at Cornwall. Chattered by the factory lads in the morning, who play a tune. First night, lightning and wind terrific, with rain; poor crowd, but better next night.

Off we go. Another pilot. Girls and boys cheering us from factory as we play.

Montreal

Hello! Here's Staff-Capt. McMillan and Ensign Macdonald. Come on, boys. Joe Bee's for ten. Fried eggs? Yes. All take one to Point St. Charles, including Jolly Jack Tare from F.M.S. Maglienne. My, what a beautiful meeting! The best yet.

No. 1 Saturday and Sunday. Beautiful meetings. Nice open-air at Joe Bee's. Best attention, two bands; music, no end of it! Special collections inside good. Monday night's meeting was a beauty, the people giving over six dollars for a rug on deck, for the yacht. Our young fellow had a dollar, so he paid for four or five of the boys' supper at a restaurant. Instead of going to Exposition.

Ready to start at 11 to-night, boys, for we'll have to travel all night to get to Morrisburg.

Let your stern line go, Gibson. Our boat looks like a cork up against the big ocean liner. Good-bye, Montreal. Took, took, took, the boys are getting anxious. Open that bridge! The Adjutant paces the deck most like a faithful Commodore, while Captain Bird sits wrapped in a rug on deck, ready for any emergency, and Trevo stands by the head-lur with a big overcoat on, like an old suit, with the "rising sun of Niurod" at the stern-line ready to obey any command. Night wears away; 4 a.m. almost out of the canal, when Jar, Jar goes something.

"On a Rook!"

yells Gibson, the first mate, who had been dosing away on a shelf in the cook-house. Up spring the rest of the boys, boots on, and a scramble on deck to find that we had only run over a buoy and broken our propeller, so when we got tied up to another

boat, we all tried to sleep till day-break.

Day-light, off again, landing at

Morrisburg

In the afternoon, where we had another good time. Off again at seven next morning to Kingston big meetings. Trevo and Teddy almost left. Steamed away all day. Darkness came on. By this time we were opposite Clayton, so we must have a tune from the band, after which the lights of Kingston are in view, and in an hour or so we are at

Kingston

again, to hear the sad news that we were to disperse. Good-bye, boys. Tears in their eyes. Sammy said it is like breaking up home. But God has us to train, so we must be left by ourselves often.

We have been a cheer and help to corps and officers, and may have dropped words that may yet bring forth fruit unto eternal life. For instance, while at Alexander Bay, all that we could have was an open-air, but I suppose there were hundreds listening out of the windows, etc., of the two large hotels there, people from all over the States, and how do we know but what some hearts were touched as we stood, and played, and sang under the glare of the electric lights? F.R.B.



The devil always takes his favorite son with him—"Ran's Horn."

Sundry Observations on the Palmerston District.

You say, "Where is PALMERSTON?" I say it is in the West Ontario Province. Five corps form the district, with District Headquarters at Palmerston. The population is 2,000. Out of that number we have 66 good soldiers, six recruits, and four convicts. Twelve miles south of Palmerston is BRAYTON, with a population of 800. They have a beautiful brick barracks, and ten soldiers. Captain and Lieut. Brangan hold the fort there. LISTWOL has a population of 2,500. Captain Andrews and Lieut. Barker are the officers in charge. They are having the victory in soul-saving line. (Get the bodies also, Captain). Then comes BRUSARLE, with a population of 2,000, and a neat little barracks. Capt. Bailey and Lieut. Culbert are here. They have tackled a big devil of a debt and got his head badly bruised. WINGHAM is next. They have only a few soldiers, but every day they come, and let me just tell you they are the champion corps in paying cartridges. The population of Wingham is 2,167. Captain Collett and Lieut. Erner have just taken charge, and, between you and me, they are getting a move on. So all round the district we are on the up grade, and all in to take the fort during the three months' boom. Yours truly,—168 lbs. of Salvation (Ensign Howell.)

A Visit from the String Band.

PETERBORO.—Staff-Capt. Southall and Mrs. Southall, and the Kingston Lassie String Band, with us Saturday and Sunday. Most wonderful times. Their music and singing was grand. I am sure everybody enjoyed it. They gave a grand concert on Saturday night, everybody was delighted. At the holiness meeting we got our souls wonderfully blessed. A great salvation meeting at night. God bless the band and Staff-Captain and wife. "WU" WU LALS AT NIGHT.—Berk. My Lang.

A RESULT OF, AND A REASON FOR, SELF-DENIAL.

Why Jim Didn't Go to the Show.

His said in regard to heaven: "We try to learn his worth. By starting a branch establishment and transfer it here on earth."

—W. H. Carleton, in "Betty and I are in"

Jim

Jim was a typical specimen of a backwoodsman, stout, thick, but well-built and strong. He had been reared upon the farm, and most of his life had been spent in the rough role of a farmer's man in summer and a coal-chopper in winter. He had no set place of abode called home, but boarded around and shifted as best he could. If he got off on a spree and lost his place—which, by the way, was frequently occurred—he would hunt up another farmer who wanted a man and hire out again, or wait until chopping time.

Het

He had a wife—a patient, pale-faced creature—who followed him in all his wanderings, and clung to him despite his many faults and shiftlessness with the same tenacity with which the ivy clings to the wall.

Her real name I never knew; when Jim addressed her it was, "Het, get that" or "Het, get that!" The farmers with whom they hired out generally called her "Het, Jim's wife."

Sometimes Jim found it rather difficult to get a place on account of his wife's family, but he would persuade the employer to take Het as a maid-of-all-work.

"Het's smarter'n a whistle in house-work," he would say, "and the boys ain't no trouble-quieter'n mice."

Well, they might be, for it had been their unfortunate lot to be demoralized over by erratic, lightheaded old women such as one can occasionally find—those who have forgotten they also were at one time mischievous children.

But I am going astray with my tale. Just before the opening of my narrative Jim had lost his job thro' a spree, and accordingly Het and the boys were homeless.

"Jim," said Het, when he was uttering loud imprecations against the fate that had decreed him such hard luck, "let's go to town, an' perhaps you might get a job on the outside of the mines."

Jim turned upon her like an enraged beast. "Go to town, eh? an' work at the mines! Oh, oh, my flae gal, an' where'd you an' the youngsters go, eh?"

Het paled and cowered before her questioner, great tears filled her eyes, and a heavy sob escaped her.

"Jim," she said, lifting her tear-stained face, and looking steadfastly at him, "I think that perhaps you might rent a few rooms and have a little home to ourselves."

"Oh, go 'way, Het, what ye dreamin' about? Where'd a fellow get brass enough to get a housekeeper?"

"But we have got to do something, Jim; and I do wish you'd get work in town. I so hate being hired out, and always in another family. I've done with it, so there!" sobbed Het, as she stamped her foot and burst into tears.

Three Rooms.

Soon after this we find Jim and Het in town, house-hunting. They soon found three rooms—a pretty good enough for the likes of 'em," as Jim put it. The rooms had formerly been attached to a low detached saloon, and were situated upon an almost impassable alley.

Jim purchased a make-shift stove at a second-hand store, and some other articles they could not sell get along without, paying for the same with his back wages, which he received when discharged from his last place.

While she was pouring the hot water from the kettle upon the ten, Jim pulled one of the chairs from the table and seated himself near the stove; tilting his chair back, and placing his feet upon the edge of the oven. He pushed his hand into the depths of his pocket and drew out his knife and held a piece of soap. After cutting off a "good chaw" and repeating the same in his mouth, he commenced:

A Spiffin Show.

"Say, Het, there's a show down

town to-night. What d'yer say 'bout a-agin', eh? It's Uncle Tom's Cabin. It's a grand play."

"The boys, Jim; what shall we do with 'em? And then it will cost so much, Jim, and we can't afford it."

"Fshaw, Het, what on airth makes you so everlasting skaiter o' th' think? There's piles o' cash in the country, ole 'oman, and I'm jest the chump wath's golt' in ter get it. I am, now; true? I live, Het, I'm a-agin' to stiddy right down. See if I don't! Say, will ye go, Het? Put the young 'uns to bed."

"Het," began Jim again, as he emptied his pipe into the stove, and carefully placed it upon the mantle beside the clock. "Say, ain't ye a-made up yer mind yet? Come, Het; let's go down and see the parade; they're a-goin' to have one at half-past seven."

After much persuasion, Het agreed to go and see the parade, get out of the theatre. Het donned her best, which indeed was very poor, and started out with Jim toward the centre of the city. Upon reaching the main street, Jim again began to coax her to attend the play, but Het was determined.

They had not gone far when the parade put in its appearance. Jim was profuse with his remarks and bets as to the grandeur of the show.

Het once or twice feebly protested: "Don't talk so loud, Jim." But Jim was not so easily subdued; he was bent upon persuading her to accompany him to the show.

Het lingered, and ventured every excuse she could imagine; Jim, with his ready wit, met each with a crushing reply.

Standing upon the corner, debating as to whether he should go home or not, the lively strains of a band of music coming up the street caught and held their attention. "I 'clare them 'ere show claps are a-comin'!" he ejaculated. Jim. "See, they are a-stoppin' to play in the square; let's go and see 'em."

A "Free" Show.

Jim hurried across the street and through the square. Het following as best she could. When Jim reached the corner, he saw a crowd of people, straightened himself and nudged his neck to get a good view of the band. Het soon was at his side. Jim, not being satisfied with so distant a view, followed his way through the crowd, pulling Het along, until his tail-form was alongside that of the bass-drummer. Jim crowded and pushed until he made room for Het at his side. The good-natured drummer, when he saw Het, moved forward so as to give her plenty of room outside the range of his drumstick, bowing and smiling as he did so. Jim enjoyed the music—it was plain to be seen by his face. "Flae true they are playing, Het; guess it is another show."

The merry drummer caught the words just as the band was finishing the piece.

"It is the Salvation Army, sir," he smilingly said, as he turned to Jim, and then proceeded to clap his hands in unison with the chorus which was being sung by the soldiers and bandmen.

Jim and Het listened attentively through the whole service, and when it closed followed with the crowd to the hall. It took some persuasion to induce Jim to ascend the stairs into the Army hall, but Het had the saving of fifty cents in view.

"This won't cost anything, Jim," said the man with the spectacles, "it was free, and if we go to the show it will cost us half a dollar at least for the two of us."

Jim yielded, and as they were entering the first room Jim and Het entered and took seats in the rear of the hall.

"Come," said the expectant young man who was apparently the leader, "you need not half-sing; everybody feel right at home, and help us to sing. I will give you the words."

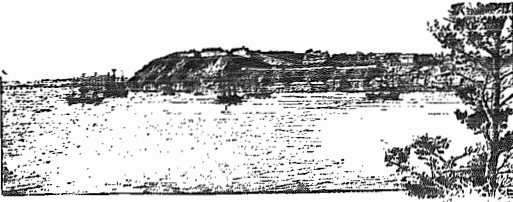
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THE CITADEL—City of Quebec.

QUEBEC QUOTA.

Quebec corps is not a corpse. The meetings yesterday, Sunday, led by our beloved Ensign Mrs. Mitchell, were seasons of refreshing. There was a large attendance at the evening meeting, especially of those who call themselves the better class of society. We were also pleased to again have with us several of the students of Maria Froeblyan College, and hope they will soon see their way clear to take a deeper interest in our work here by putting their shoulder to the wheel and helping to "roll the old mortar along." But the best of all, the Master was with us. Two poor backsliders wept their way to the foot of the cross, determined to lay aside forever "the sins that have so easily beset them." We are more than ever convinced that the long-looked-for revival that shall shake this old city and break down the false pride of our churches and

hundred organizations, will have its beginnings in Quebec S. A. corps. The coldness and indifference of Quebec evangelical churches is proverbial. Our great drawback here is a suitable building in which to hold our meetings.

The old barracks, in its present condition, is both

An Eye-Sore and Hindrance, as many who would come to our meetings, and also take part therein, are kept away by its dilapidated and unwholesome condition.

We believe there are yet bright days in store for Quebec.

Cannot you, dear old War Cry, prevail upon some of your wealthy Ontario auxiliaries to come over and help us in providing a suitable habitation for the Master?

As a corps we are helpless to do more than meet current expenses. "Arise, O God, to the help of Zion against the mighty!" "Breakers, pray for us."—"Nil Desperandum," an Auxiliary.

Multum in Parvo.

AMHERST.—God is giving us victory. H. F. \$20 over target. Three boys in the fourth, three enrolled, and eight dedicated. Officers farewelled.—C. D. Horton for Capt. Boggs.

A Splendid Catch.

PEITH.—A week ago a terrible drunkard, who had been drinking for thirty years came forward and sought God, and has since proved his sincerity by attending knee-drill twice besides attending week-night meetings inside and out. Our Sunday night meeting was one of power and blessing.—Peepie and Bloss, C. O's.

A Wedding on Sunday Night.

LISGAR STREET. — A halloo! wedding at Lisgar Street Sunday night. A man and wife re-united after being separated through drink for some time. Two weeks ago a few soldiers marched to O'Hara avenue for an open-air meeting. Two drunken men staggered to the drum. Praise God for ever. He saved them there and then. Last night the wife of one sought Jesus and was united to Christ, and her husband embraced her, too. Glory to God for ever! Our converts are coming along beautifully since.—S. C. Mrs. Stickells.

A Farewell and Welcome.

HALIFAX I.—On Wednesday night the Dartmouth city corps united for a welcome to Brigadier Scott, Ensign Coombs, and Captain Carter. The meeting was a very enthusiastic one indeed. Brigadier Scott called upon representatives from the different corps to speak. Also Ensign Galt, Andrews, McDonald, and Captain Wright. Then the Brigadier introduced Ensign Coombs and Captain Carter, our new officers. They were received enthusiastically. Adjutant Gage and Mrs. Gage farewelled. Several comrades gave Ensign Coombs, Adjutant Gage and Brigadier Scott a real bouncing time. There seemed to be a blessed spirit of unity and loyalty, and devotion to God and the Army. On Tuesday night Adjutant Gage enrolled four recruits and commissioned one sergeant, and on Thursday night a brother returned and confessed his sin, and gave himself afresh to God. Our meetings were good on Sunday. Two to find salvation.—Sergeant-Major Cushe.

LISTOWELL.—Crowds and collections looking up. Two souls since conversion. Joyous answering prayer.—Lieut. Barker for Capt. Andrews.



SERG. MRS. MARTIN and SERG. MRS. HOCKING, a couple of St. Thomas bravos.

50 Precious Souls.

St. Thomas soldiers are fighting for God with all their might. The Harvest Festival effort has proved a great success. The soldiers believe in united action, which can be seen in the following figures: Our target was \$400. The Junior corps, with Mrs. Gith, J.S. Sergt-Major, an leader, volunteered to raise \$10; the senior corps, \$25; the Captain, \$15; total, \$40. The Junior corps raised \$13.02; the senior corps, \$31.88; the Captain, \$11, making the total \$40.00. Fire a volley! I had just sent the H. F. money to Headquarters, and before I left the office received farewell orders, after seven months' fighting. God has truly blessed by us. Over fifty precious souls came to Christ and found pardon. Quite a number have become soldiers and are fighting for God in the Army. One dear brother has gone to be with Jesus. We ascribe all glory and praise to God. We are now fighting among our Strathroy comrades, and we mean to spend and be spent for God and fallen humanity.—Captain and Mrs. Wakefield.

CARIBONAR, NED.—Since last report two souls have professed salvation, one of them at the outpost, Victoria village. Full signs of good times. Comrades coming home from Labrador with the blood-and-fire spirit. We are enthusiastic over the Commandant's visit to the Island.—Capt. Geo. Thompson and Cadet J. Ford.

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- I.—Write your name and address distinct and in full.
- II.—Give full particulars about goods desired; for instance, Caps, state size or Bonnets, state size and quality, etc.
- III.—Send cash with all orders, and postage if value of order is less than one dollar.
- IV.—To O. T. and Q. T. when we pay postage and expressage on all orders over one dollar, except single Caps and Uniforms' MONTHS.
- V.—We do not pay expressage on Tailoring goods, made up or cut from piece.
- VI.—All Tailoring orders should be accompanied by cash in full or part of order, the balance in the latter instance will be collected O. T. D., unless sent to us before goods are shipped.
- VII.—Make all post office orders or cheques payable to Herbert H. Booth.
- VIII.—Prices may vary in the Eastern and Western Provinces, owing to distance.




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DEAR STAFF-CAPTAIN, — Newmarket, Oct. 4th, '95.
Lieut. Bennett's waterproof to hand. It is best beautifully. We are very much pleased with it.
(Signed) Capt. J. H.

STAFF-CAPT. HORN, — Leamington, Oct. 2nd, '95.
I received my suit yesterday. The fit is excellent. Thanking you much for your promptness and good work, I remain,
Yours, etc.,
CAPT. R.

